EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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A WREATH OF JUNE ROSES.

JOHN'S GRANDMOTHER.

BY ABBIE M. GANNETT.

SUCH a May-day! Never were there so many warm, nestling violets, such dewy grass by the brook; never did the water bubble so joyously, look so sparkling, so clear. And how the birds were singing! Really, there were so many blue-birds in Grandmother Brown's apple-trees, that one might have thought there was a strange new blossoming. Then the air! It was so sweet and warm, that it seemed to have sprung into life like the old earth beneath. Everybody must go out and breathe it, and exclaim, "How delicious!" then laugh and add, "There never was such a day!"

Everybody but Grandmother Brown. Though not very old nor poor, — which things, alas! so often make even a May-day like this dark and sad, — when she came out of her cottage with her basket of newly-washed clothes she looked very unhappy; the soft, fragrant air, the dandelions and violets, brought a flood of tears to her cheeks instead of smiles, and she grew so weak and faint that she leaned against the door to rest. When she came to the brookside her tears fell the faster, and as she laid one of the garments on the grass to whiten, her grief gave expression in such a sob that the birds seemed to stop their choruses.

"To think," murmured she, "that I should be laying here the dress my little Johnny may wear when they put him away under the ground! Oh, Johnny! Johnny! how can I have it so?"

Sorrowfully Grandmother returned to the house, looking back a moment before she went in at the white garment on the grass and violets. Her heart sent up a beseeching prayer: "O Thou who dost fill this world so full of life, spare this one life to me! I will not ask for more."

It almost seemed as if her prayer were to be granted. When the physician came, and had looked for a few moments at the little figure on the bed, he said slowly and gravely, "Were not the hope so small, Mrs. Brown, I would say there is yet a possible chance."

How Grandmother Brown started! Her heart said, "God heard me." Already in thought her thanksgivings ascended. During the two days that followed, she was ruled alternately by despair and hope. But hope was to triumph. The little white dress, still smelling of grass and flowers, had been brought in, smoothed and folded, and now as she laid it in the drawer a happy tear-drop fell upon it.

"Johnny will wear it, and will run by the brook and pick the violets. I am the happiest woman in the world!"

The neighbors, who had always said little John was the apple of his grandmother's eye, now said that she was making an idol of him; yet, they added, no wonder, for he was all she had, and had been so miraculously spared.

Grandmother Brown was only a little past fifty, and might look forward to many years of strength. She was in comfortable circumstances, and there was no reason why she should not devote herself to her little grandchild. Indeed, it seemed necessary. For some time after his illness Johnny remained delicate, and great care was demanded in order that he should overcome the weakness and grow up a vigorous boy. She often used to say: "All I asked was that he might live, and everything I do for him will be just a pleasure."

Her devotion reaped its fruits. In the course of time little John developed into as robust a child as could be found in the little village of Rockpool. He was so handsome, too, that it did one good to see his ruddy cheeks, laughing blue eyes, and the curls which his jaunty cap could scarcely enclose.

Grandmother Brown took pride in dressing her boy finely. His suits were made by the tailor, not patiently in the home, as was the case with the other village boys. "He shall always have the best I can afford," Grandmother Brown would say with pride.

The other boys sometimes thought that Johnny had pride too, he held up his head with such an air. He was the best scholar in his class, which was the source of the greatest satisfaction to his grandmother. To the "Reward of Merit" card given him by the teacher, she would add a dime or a quarter of a dollar as further incentive to his ambition.

"Where d' you get all your money, Johnny?" the boys would ask; "you never do errands for your grandmother, as we do for our mothers."

"She does n't wish me to," he would reply with superiority; "she aint like your mothers. I never expect to work much."

There was some grumbling, yet one boy was stout enough to say he would n't let his mother do her errands even if she were willing; and that he had actually seen Johnny Brown let his grandmother lift a heavy pail, and bring in wood while he stood by and whistled.

Johnny tossed his curls, repeating that he never meant to work much. When John was fourteen he was half through the high school, and beginning to think what he should do when he became a man.

"I 'll tell you what, Grandmother," said he one day with a bright sparkle of the eye, "I mean to be a big merchant in the city, and have lots of money, and live like the best."

"It would be nice," said she, with a queer feeling in her heart. Somehow, she thought of that morning when she spread his dress on the grass. Why did the flash of his eyes remind her of the careless sparkle of the brook in the presence of her sorrow? Ah, what a wrong thought!

"Grandmother!" exclaimed John one day, "I do wish my bed was bigger. Actually, my feet stick over the foot-board!"

"Bless you, dear!" said Grandmother Brown, "why did n't you speak of it before? Go right to the furniture rooms and order a new bed. How careless of me not to think how my boy is growing!"

"But, I say!" cried John, roguishly, "how's a big bed to fit my little chamber? You, who seem to grow littler as I grow bigger, tell me that!"

"Sure enough! I should n't mind trotting up and down stairs. I have n't much else to do. You shall have my nice large bed-room downstairs."

"Thank you! and when it's fixed, I 'll ask Ned Hazeltine to come and stay over night; we 've lots to talk about."

"Who is Ned Hazeltine?"

"They 've sent him up from the city to make him steady, he says. He 's going to get me a place there."

"Not at present, Johnny, not at present!"

"Not till the year 's up," replied he, reaching for his cap. Telling her that he was going to order the bed, he merrily started off.

Why did Grandmother Brown grow so white? She went to her tidy bedroom and began to put it in order. But she presently stopped, and instead took one by one the things she could easily lift and carried them to John's chamber, and brought some of his articles down. John's room was small, bless us! The slanting roof permitted no one to stand upright, and even Grandmother Brown, who was not a tall woman, had to stoop in tidying some parts of it.

"If I make his new room nice and cheerful, and ask him to bring his friends often to tea, and the like, may be he 'll forget the city. Dear me! how stupid in me not to remember that a big boy can't be wholly satisfied with an old grandmother!"

Under the influence of this new thought she went herself to the warerooms to order other things besides the bed. The clerk said that John had been there, and he showed her the large showy bed selected.

"He wanted this bureau," said the clerk insinuatingly. It had a marble top, and was quite luxurious for the dwellings of little Rockpool.

"Send it without delay!" said Grandmother Brown; "I am so glad John liked it." She bought new curtains and rugs. When John came from school in the afternoon she showed him the room all in beautiful order.

"You 're a tip-top grandmother!" cried he. "I 'll have Ned here to-morrow. What a jolly room for you when I 'm through with it!"

Alas! Grandmother Brown's heart sank again. But she rallied when she reflected that "when I 'm through with it" might mean a long time hence.

When Ned Hazeltine, the dashing city lad came, and she heard them talking enthusiastically of future companionship in the city, she was almost as sorrowful as on the day she spread little curly-haired Johnny's dress on the grass to whiten.

That night, in the chamber with the slanting roof, Grandmother Brown had a long struggle with herself. It ended by her deciding that she ought not to stand in the way of John's advancement. She could spare several hundred dollars, perhaps a thousand, for starting him in life. "And if he does go to the city," she thought, "after a while he will be able to have his Grandmother with him, and I can bear the year or two of separation."

Before the year ended, Ned Hazeltine was detected in a disgraceful act, and was recalled from the country. John soon got a letter from him, saying that he was about to go with his father on a trip abroad.

"He's forgotten all about the place he promised to get me!" exclaimed sunny John, for once indignant.

How comfortable Grandmother Brown was after that! She had been so afraid of Ned's influence, not to speak of the dread of separation. She began to consider what would be the best thing to do for her boy. As he inclined towards the merchant's business, could she not see him started in a snug store in Rockpool? After consulting several business men, she decided that it could be done.

One day she took him into her confidence, telling him of the money she had in store for him, and of her project.

John clapped his hands in delight. "You jolly Grandmother, the very thing I wanted! I have just answered a city advertisement and heard that all that is required is a small capital."

"That would hardly be safe with a stranger," faltered Grandmother Brown. "Then — to go away — from me!"

"Oh, I know he 's reliable!" said John, "for two or three of our best men here have dealt with him. Besides, I 'd get them to be responsible for

my money. See, I already know something of business, Grandmother!"

"John, John, —" she began, but stopped, not wishing him to see her weakness. He left her full of high hopes, to see the men in question.

That evening after John had told her how this "splendid chance" was likely to turn out all that was desired, why did she in a low voice tell him of that nearly fatal illness of his childhood, of her frantic prayer, and the great joy that followed?

John certainly did not ask himself that question. He laughed, and patted her withered hand with his strong white one, which she longed to weep over, and said, "Well, I've about got through bothering you, Grandmother! You'll hear of me as a great man one of these years, a merchant prince. Ah! does n't that sound nice? I can scarcely wait for the day when I shall go!"

Did Grandmother Brown break down when that day came? Yes, a little. John assured her that she would soon "get over it." At her request that he would write often, he answered, — "of course I will drop a line now and then!"

So he was gone. Grandmother Brown could n't sleep in his "jolly" room. She continued to occupy the chamber, saying that it gave her something to do to climb the stairs. How dreary the house was without John's voice and bright laugh! Every day she went to the post-office, and when a letter came, which was not often, she would be happy for days afterward. That he was doing well was a great satisfaction to her; but what could fill the void in her heart?

One afternoon a neighbor came in to see her, and afterward reported that she was found weeping over a little white dress of baby John's, and that she spoke so disjointedly, really it seemed as if Grandmother Brown were failing in mind. She was certainly failing in body. Less often she took her way into the fields where John used to play, and it was becoming toilsome to spread her clothes by the brookside.

"You should keep help, now, Mrs. Brown," urged her kind neighbors; "with John getting on so, you can well afford it. Get a nice young girl to cheer you up, and to make life in the house."

Grandmother Brown shook her head.

It was a beautiful morning in the first week of June. Grandmother Brown had been feeling somewhat stronger. She was out in the orchard trying to break some of the profuse and fragrant apple-blossoms that John had so often and easily reached up to obtain. She remembered how fond he had been of them, the "good-natured things," as he had always called them. A sudden desire seized her. Why could she not take some of these to the city for John? She could go and return that day, and what a blessing the sight of him would be! It was almost a year since he went. He only replied to her entreaties for him to come and see her by telling "how busy" he always was.

"Yes," said she, "I will go!"

She was in a tremor of excitement and expectation getting ready and taking the train. When she reached the city she had some trouble in finding John's boarding-place, and, alas! her withered blossoms found a place on the dusty pavement. But when she saw John all her trouble fled. He greeted her warmly; said she was a "brick" for coming down when he had no time for coming up; and showed her his fine room, telling her all the entertaining things about his present life.

"I shall be the merchant I told you of, Grandmother!" he said with a joyous sparkle of his eye. "Mr. Mitchell says I've a genius for business. He's proud of me. Invites me to his house to meet his family and friends. Should n't wonder if I were a partner long before I first imagined it! Mr. Mitchell has a lovely daughter, May."

"He may well be proud of your principles, John," said his grandmother, fondly. "You are worthy of being introduced to his daughter even though your interest in the firm is so small."

"Miss May thinks so, I guess!" he replied, with a self-satisfied smile. "Grandmother, was n't it lucky I saw the advertisement? Mr. Mitchell says if he had known my capacity at first, he would n't have stood about capital. A thousand dollars was nothing to him; it was the right man he was after."

Surely Grandmother Brown was satisfied that all the success she could ask for was showering down upon John. Yet why, when he bade her good-by at the station, and she watched his erect figure going away, why did her breast feel so hollow? He had been most kind, most confidential; what more did she want?

(To be continued in our next.)

FLORA LANNING'S VICTORY.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

One pleasant afternoon at the close of the session the girls stood around Miss Burnet's desk, chatting merrily, when pretty Alice Dobson exclaimed, —

"Oh, Miss Burnet! I read one of your stories in Every Other Sunday one day last week. I thought it was awfully pretty."

"I am sorry you found something 'awful' about it," said her teacher, at the same time smiling brightly, happy in learning that the story she had hoped some child might enjoy, had proved pleasing to her own dear pupil.

Poor little Flora Lanning loved Miss Burnet very much, and thought she would like to say something to please her also; so she said, "And I have read one of your stories too."

"Where did you see one of my stories?" asked her teacher.

"In Pilgrim's Progress," answered Flora.

Miss Burnet's smile changed quickly to a look of sadness, but she said nothing.

Poor Flora Lanning was a charity child, working for her board at Farmer Brown's. I shudder to think of the experiences she had had before good Mrs. Brown gave her a home. When she came there she had on but two articles of clothing; her body was black and blue from the beatings her unnatural father had given her; her mother was dead. Worst of all, she had never been taught that stealing and lying were wrong.

Oh, reader, be grateful for your pleasant home, for your kind father and mother, for the sweet and good influences that surround you, helping to make the right way seem the natural and pleasant way!

Miss Burnet had tried to awaken Flora's conscience, to teach her that "'T is only noble to be good." She had so far succeeded that when Flora walked home from school that night, the thought of her untruth never left her; the little birds seemed to sing of it, the flowers seemed to nod a reminder of it, the clock seemed to tick, "You've told a lie! told a lie!" At night the little stars seemed to twinkle down a reproach to her. In her heart two voices seemed contending. One said, "You never read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' only saw it on Miss Burnet's desk; go to school in the morning early and tell your teacher all about it." The other answered, "She will never love you again if you tell her; keep still, and she'll never know it; and besides you need never tell another untruth."

In the morning the contending voices were busy again; but at length the good voice conquered, and Flora ran to school as fast as she could go, before the bad voice had time to speak again. She found her teacher there alone, and with blushing face and stammering words Flora made her little confession. The bright smile she had longed for and missed the night before, came then, and Miss Burnet clasped the unfortunate girl in her arms and said, —

"Now I can love and trust you again."

"Why!" exclaimed Flora, surprised, "Did you know that it was untrue, what I said about your writing 'Pilgrim's Progress'"?

"Yes, my dear; for if you had looked at the first page of that wonderful book, you would have seen that your teacher had not written it."

"I thought you wrote it, though I never read it," said Flora.

Then Miss Burnet told the little girl about John Bunyan and his sad life in Bedford Jail; about his poor little blind daughter whom he loved so well; and then about the Christian he wrote of, and that fierce battle with giant Apollyon, and begged Flora to battle with her temptation as bravely as did Christian. "I know you wanted to give me pleasure, dear, when you said you had read one of my stories," said Miss Burnet; "but, my dear child, never, never tell a lie, even to give pleasure." Then she took off a lovely blue ribbon she had been wearing, and said, "Blue is the symbol of truth. You shall wear my ribbon, and remember it says to you, 'Miss Burnet hopes you will always tell the truth, and be true to this symbol; if you are not truthful, people cannot love or trust you, and your Heavenly Father will be displeased.'"

All this happened months ago, but Flora still loves to wear blue ribbon, and it is now a symbol she can rightfully claim; for since that sad afternoon neither the birds nor the flowers nor the clock nor the stars nor her own conscience has reproached her for telling an untruth.

BE HAPPY!

BY L.

Be happy! There is magic in a smile
To make the mists of worry melt away
Like snow in sunshine; and to sing awhile
Lifts care's dull shadow from the face of day.

Be happy, and your happiness will spread
Around you like a fragrance in the air;
For happiness by happiness is bred,
And still to give makes more the giver's share.

Be merry! Joyous laughter is upborne
To ears divine, and makes the angels glad,
Is echoed in the depths of hearts forlorn,
Becomes Hope's swiftest herald to the sad.

Be happy, oh, be happy, girls and boys!
For this fair world is God's, this life so sweet
Is God's own gift to us; and in the joys
Of hearts that love him earth and heaven meet.

On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

The only fault 's with time.
All men become good creatures — but so slow!

Our Letter-Box.

So many of our young friends have sent puzzles to the Letter-Box that it has been quite impossible to print them all in this year's numbers. We have done the best we could for them, however, by giving in this number a whole page to the Letter-Box. Our next number — No. XXII. completes this volume, so the puzzles printed to-day are the last that will be given. To those whose puzzles have not yet appeared, we would say that their work will appear in the early numbers of Volume IV.; and to all contributors we would express our pleasure at the interest they have shown in the Letter-Box.

OLD TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 1, 18, 6, 8, 37, 16, 41, 48, 2, was a king who reigned over one hundred and twenty-seven provinces, from India to Ethiopia.

My 42, 19, 35, 33, 42, was called the sweet Psalmist of Israel.

My 49, 27, 21, 47, 25, 36, 18, was the common title of the native kings of Egypt in the Bible.

My 10, 43, 21, 29, was a brother of Jacob.

My 9, 27, 34, 50, 5, is a grain mentioned in Genesis.

My 49, 10, 51, 33, 7, 15, 19, 27, was one of the wives of Elkanah.

My 18, 53, 28, 54, 16, 23, 38, is another name for the Jews.

My 20, 46, 44, 53, is an adjective which applies to Solomon.

My 11, 13, 17, 27, is a book of the Old Testament.

My 37, 14, is the city from which Abraham went to Canaan.

My 52, 40, 49, 18, 53, 24, — 39, 36, 3, 42, is what Noah's ark was built of.

My 28, 50, 12, is an animal mentioned in Isaiah ii.

My 26, 46, 24, 1, 8, was the youngest son of Japheth.

My 30, 22, 32, 34, was a celebrated commercial city of antiquity.

My 49, 27, 48, 45, was one of the sons of Ham.

My 4, 46, 31, was a fruit very common in Palestine.

My whole is a verse in Proverbs.

B. C. T.

ENIGMA XLIII.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 1, 9, 6, 8, is what is found on the seashore.

My 5, 12, 7, is what we do at school.

My 2, 6, 10, 11, 4, is what a blacksmith uses.

My 1, 3, 6, gives light.

My whole is the name of a picture in Every Other Sunday.

Hutchins.

Dedham.

ENIGMA XLIV.

I am composed of 60 letters.

My 4, 11, 8, 1, 2, 3, is a place where horses are kept.

My 5, 16, 50, 36, 24, are part of the rigging of a ship.

My 17, 12, 9, 50, 32, 28, is one whose example we should follow.

My 19, 20, 27, 31, is a girl's name.

My 26, 23, 34, 55, 58, 6, is a fruit largely grown in Florida.

My 48, 8, 55, 16, 9, 31, is a bird of a yellow color.

My 21, 34, 55, 58, 20, 53, 59, 26, is an animal found in Australia.

My 51, 54, 8, 60, is a heavy metal.

My 46, 40, 9, 14, is a musical instrument.

My 49, 15, 27, is a pronoun.

My 27, 18, 22, 44, is a plant that grows on the banks of streams.

My 57, 30, 43, 52, is a verb.

My 37, 47, 38, 25, is the flesh of an animal.

My 35, 50, 41, 31, is a beautiful white flower.

My 39, 29, 10, 13, 9, is a state of gayety or mirth.

My 45, 33, 56, 27, is one of the gods in Scandinavian mythology from whom one of the days of our week is named.

My 7, 15, 16, 42, is to distribute.

My whole is one of the Beatitudes.

Nettie Walter.

Charleston, S. C.

ENIGMA XLV.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 16, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, is purity of soul.

My 13, 8, is an adverb.

My 4, 1, 3, is a fish caught off the coast of Newfoundland.

My 14, 15, 2, 12, is sacred.

My 10, 9, is the present tense of an active verb.

My whole is the title of one of Dickens's novels.

Alice M.

ENIGMA XLVI.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 17, 18, 15, 16, is a child's plaything.

My 6, 19, 20, 21, is part of a bird.

My 2, 10, 7, is part of the body.

My 17, 9, 4, 15, 16, is another word for funny.

My 15, 8, 9, 21, 7, is not small.

My 5, 7, 12, is a number.

My 6, 11, 15, 16, is what some people make before they die.

My 13, 19, 21, is something men and women wear on their heads.

My 17, 14, 3, is something lions are kept in.

My 1, 2, 5, is to wager.

My whole is an injunction.

Marion Fuller.

ENIGMA XLVII.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 14, 15, 16, 23, is a fruit.

My 1, 8, 11, is a small winged animal.

My 11, 13, 16, 17, 12, is to instruct.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, is not more.

My 20, 23, 21, is an ancient vessel.

My 14, 20, 23, 18, is to cut away.

My 1, 6, 7, is an article of furniture.

My 2, 22, 11, is to permit.

My 19, 10, is a personal pronoun.

My 9, 8, 11, is a small animal.

My 24, 8, 11, is the past tense of the verb sit.

My whole is part of a verse in Matthew.

Gertrude M. Bond.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 7 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 7, is something very sticky.

My 4, 2, 5, 6, 7, is something doors are for.

My whole is something I hope you have all seen and tasted.

Dora Lucile.

Geneva, Ill.

ENIGMA XLIX.

I am composed of 4 letters.

My 1, 4, is the personal pronoun that kings use.

My 1, 2, 3, is what a boy tries to do when he studies hard for a prize.

My 3, 4, 1, was added to a name given six of our States to distinguish them from an island three thousand miles away.

The wonderful production of my whole is what has made a little town in Galilee famous for over eighteen hundred and fifty years.

Jack Styles, 11 years old.

Philadelphia.

ENIGMA L.

I am composed of five letters.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, 1, is what birds have.

My 1, 3, 4, 5, is what birds do.

My 5, 3, 4, is an injurious drink.

My whole is a plaything for children, as well as the play it makes possible.

Daisy Crowell.

Newton.

ENIGMA LI.

My whole is composed of 27 letters.

My 26, 18, 10, is an article.

My 27, 1, 14, 24, 3, 9, is a farming utensil.

My 3, 17, 12, 16, 11, is a fur-bearing animal.

My 13, 5, 19, 18, is one of our Territories.

My 4, 6, 7, is used for cooling purposes.

My 22, 21, 20, 15, is to gape.

My 23, 25, 15, is to be pale.

My 2, 3, is a conjunction.

My 27, 3, 8, 16, is used in carrying water.

My whole is a proverb.

Grace and Ralph Burbank.

Saco, Me.

ENIGMA LII.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 14, 15, 16, 13, is in a chain.

My 7, 8, is a preposition.

My 10, 11, 12, is an active verb.

My 4, 5, 6, is good to eat.

My 1, 2, 3, is a boy's short name.

My 1, 7, 6, is to hold coal.

My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is open and candid.

My whole is the name of an American philosopher born in Boston, Mass. L. W. B.

ENIGMA LIII.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 5, 4, 7, is a meat.

My 2, 1, 8, 13, is a boy's game for summer.

My 10, 12, 6, 5, is the man that built the ark.

My 11, 12, 3, 10, is a vegetable.

My 2, 9, 14, is a place where you keep coal.

My whole was a president of the United States.

Walter Bancroft Winsor, 8 years old.

ENIGMA LIV.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 25, 2, 41, 9, 18, 42, 8, is a famous winter resort.

My 40, 22, 35, 6, 19, 34, is a mineral from which lead is extracted.

My 1, 15, 28, 11, 21, 16, is an article for cooking and table uses.

My 5, 24, 38, 10, 14, 36, 17, is found on many churches.

My 4, 20, 30, 13, 14, is a domestic animal.

My 29, 26, 2, 32, 11, 39, 23, is a pistol-holder, or case.

My 37, 33, 26, 42, 7, 31, is a name applied to woolen rags.

My 12, 3, 9, 27, 18, 19, 40, is a small fish.

My whole is a verse from the Bible.

F. Irving Sears.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN No. XIX.

Geographical Enigma, —

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Enigma XXXV. Waste not, want not.

Enigma XXXVI. Speak only kind words.

Enigma XXXVII. Birds of a feather flock together.

Enigma XXXVIII. Blessed are the merciful.

THE RIVAL GRANDFATHERS.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A BUSY COMMUNITY.

BY MARY E. STEVENS.

I WONDER how many boys or girls have ever watched a hive of bees. If you ever have a chance to do this, you will become very much interested in them. A hive I have in my back-yard has been daily watched by my two boys. Now let us see what they learned about these "busy bees."

The bees are of two kinds. The smaller ones are the *workers*, flying in and out of the hive, — so called because they do all the work of the hive, such as building the comb (the construction of which is so wonderful), collecting the pollen and honey from the flowers and storing it for future use, protecting and caring for the bees, and also acting as warriors when defending their homes against intrusion. The drones, or male bees, are larger and more clumsy than the workers, and have no sting. They can be easily distinguished from the other bees, when on the wing, by their loud buzzing. They are not able to procure their own food, and so only live by the indulgence of the workers. On any pleasant day the workers may be seen coming in one after the other with their legs covered with a kind of dust called pollen. Sometimes they are yellow, again red, then almost black with the pollen which these busy little creatures have gathered from different flowers.

What are the drones doing all this time, I hear you say, — are they busy too? Oh, no! they are too lazy to do anything but eat; and on sunny days they come out of the hive for an airing between the hours of twelve and three o'clock, flying in and out.

The workers not only gather pollen, but they bring in the honey also. Going from one blossom to another, they visit only flowers of one kind on each excursion, so that they never bring back any mixed honey. Their long tongue or proboscis goes down into the tube of the flowers and laps up the honey, which they swallow, having the power to throw it out again whenever they wish to; while their body and legs, being covered with hair, become thick with pollen, which they brush back into little pockets on their hind legs, and then fly to the hive.

When the bees return laden with their spoils from the gardens or fields, they enter hurriedly and unload carelessly into one of the many cells within the hive, and return after more. When this is done the young (or nurse) bees carefully pack the pollen away and remove the honey to other cells.

The bees that are working in the fields leave the work of the hive to the nurse-bees. They never mix the pollen or honey of different plants, showing to my mind that they are not without reason. One day it was my pleasure to see quite a commotion going on at the entrance of the hive. I watched to see what caused it. Out from the hive came two bees carrying something between them by their feet. I soon saw that a bumble-bee had ventured into their hive, and was struggling to get away. The bees having fastened their legs to the side of his body had him fast. Soon the bumble-bee seemed to be the stronger, and now all rolled over and over on the alighting-board of the hive, and I thought the bee would escape. But not so, for out of the hive rushes another who attaches himself to the bumble-bee, and after a few more frantic efforts to escape, you see the bumble-bee straighten out, and know he is dead. Immediately the bees are seen to fly away with the dead enemy between them. What are they going to do with him? If you are able to watch them in their quick flight you will soon see them drop the bee and return to their work again.

As the bees live at the longest only five or six weeks they are constantly dying off, and are brought out of the hive by the workers and carried off in the same way as was the bumble-bee. During the winter the bees are not able to gather any honey, so they have to live on what is procured during the summer. In the latter part of the summer, therefore, the workers drive the drones from the hive and alighting-board, and as fast as they return they are again driven away. This is continued till they are so exhausted that they drop on the ground and die of exhaustion and exposure. The workers know that if the drones were allowed to live during the winter, the supply of honey gathered by the colony of workers would not be sufficient to carry them all through the long cold winter. Can we not learn a lesson from these little creatures, that it is much better to improve our moments than to waste them like the drones in idleness? Let us remember the poem which says, —

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!"

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

OLDER persons know how impossible it is for some children to keep still five minutes at a time. They must either be continually hopping up and down, no matter where they are, or else handling everything they see, no matter what it may be. Sometimes, by way of excuse, it is thought that such restless little folks have never been taught better; yet it is often unjust to think that, because a great many careful parents try their best to teach their children to behave properly. But the little people are heedless and forgetful, and what is much worse, do not always quite like to obey; and so at last through these faults they often find themselves in great trouble.

Now Tommy Bancroft had been told over and over again that he must not make horses of the sofa and chairs in the parlor. One morning, however, Tommy seemed determined to make a horse of the large red-velvet chair which stood just inside the front parlor. First he would flounder about on the wide seat, then mount the arm, which was of carved rosewood and not so very strong. The chair was a very handsome one, not at all fit to be used as a hobby-horse or plaything, and two or three times Tommy's mamma told him to stop jumping about and to sit still; but at last she said to him decidedly, —

"Tommy, you may go directly to the dining-room. And as you do not obey when I speak to you, nor behave as a little boy should in the best room we have, you must not come into the parlor again to-day."

Tommy felt very angry as he marched off. He wanted to stay while his mamma finished dusting the pretty rooms; and then Grandpa Bancroft was sitting on the sofa reading the paper aloud, and Tommy loved Grandpa so, it was a pleasure just to be in the same room with the dear, kind old man. But he knew that when his mamma said a thing she meant it, so he trotted off at once. His little face was very cross, however, and way down deep in his foolish little heart he wished he could do something to make his mamma feel badly, — his own good mamma, who was always doing so much for his comfort and happiness!

That afternoon Grandpa was on his way to the parlor to look for his spectacle-case which he thought he must have dropped there, when just as he was about to push open the door, he paused; for through the crack he saw Master Tommy sitting astride the arm of the red-velvet chair. Grandpa was wondering what he had best say to such a naughty child, when down went Tommy with a bounce to the floor, and off flew a piece of the handsome rosewood arm.

Grandpa saw Tommy pick up the piece of carved wood, look at it with a frightened little face, then place it in the seat of the chair, and run quickly away. As Grandpa stood perfectly still, Tommy escaped to the dining-room supposing no one had seen or knew anything about what he had done.

A little while before tea-time Mrs. Bancroft passed through the parlors, and discovered the broken arm. Going into the dining-room, she said, —

"Tommy, do you know who broke the arm of the great red chair?"

Tommy swallowed very hard, then replied, —

"Y-e-s, Grandpa did it. I seen him."

"What 's that Grandpa did?" said Grandpa Bancroft, who entered the dining-room just in time to hear his name. Mamma answered, —

"Oh, Tommy says you met with an accident, and broke the arm of the red chair. But never mind," she added kindly, "I would n't worry over it. Such things will happen once in a while."

Poor little Tommy! Grandpa really pitied him very much; for although he avoided looking at him, he knew that the child's great black eyes were watching him every moment. All supper-time Tommy kept thinking he would be willing to give all his marbles, and even his great beautiful bull's eyes, if only Grandpa would say something or look at him once and smile. But Papa and Mamma kept talking, and Janey passed things around in her quiet way, until Tommy wished he could scream or cry, — oh, anything but sitting there with that dreadful lie shut up in his heart, and his precious grandpa knowing all about it! — Grandpa Bancroft, who had given him the pennies for nearly all his marbles, and who bought the ice-cream as a nice little surprise when Tommy had his birthday party!

At length supper was over, and all were seating themselves to read, when Grandpa said slowly, —

"I think the best thing I can do will be to go away."

"Why, Father," said Mr. Bancroft, "what makes you say that? I hope you do not really want to leave us."

"Oh, well!" said poor Grandpa, sadly, "if I broke the arm of the chair to-day, there is no knowing what mischief I may do to-morrow. So it seems to me I had better pack my trunk and go away before I break anything else."

That was more than Tommy could endure, and he cried out, —

"O Grandpa, Grandpa! I telled a naughty story! You did n't do it. I did it my own self! I rided on the arm of the chair and broked it off!"

Papa and Mamma looked at each other without a word. They felt so grieved that their little boy could be so disobedient and untruthful that they really hardly knew what to say.

"Oh, well! I must go away all the same," began Grandpa, who thought best to punish Tommy in his own way. "I love my little grandson far too well to stay where I tempt him to tell a sinful falsehood to cover his own naughtiness."

Tommy thought his heart would break, for Grandpa Bancroft really packed his trunk and went away the next day. There certainly was no need of punishing Tommy any further; for a more forlorn little fellow it would have been hard to find than he was, with no indulgent old grandpa to tell him lovely stories, give him pennies, and take him to walk every pleasant day.

But every little while Tommy's mamma would write to Grandpa and tell him how hard his grandson was trying to become a good, obedient little boy, and that comforted Tommy very much. He really was trying to be good, and to mind what was said to him. He never rode about on the parlor chairs, and as to telling a lie, — he said to Mamma one morning that he guessed he should never do that again, not if he "broked forty hundred chairs!"

One day Tommy came in from school, and saw some very nice fruit on the table. His mother, who was just leaving the room, said, —

"Don't touch that fruit, Tommy, until I give you leave; and don't go into the parlor. Your boots are too muddy."

Tommy waited a long time for his mamma to come back; then he went to the table and looked at the fruit. Pretty soon he said, —

"Oh, you nice things! I'd like to bite every one of you. But I 'm the boy that has learned to obey, I am; and I won't touch one of you until my mamma says I may."

"That 's my good little boy!" said a voice just inside the parlor door, and there stood Grandpa Bancroft, just as nice as ever!

"Oh, my Grandpa, my Grandpa!" cried delighted little Tommy. "Do come here and let me hug you, do! I can't go in there, for Mamma told me not to; and you 'll find I 'll never do wrong again, then blame it off on to you."

Tommy is still a little active, restless boy, but he is obedient and truthful. Grandpa Bancroft says that nobody knows but himself how hard it was for him to pack his trunk that day, with that poor little fellow following him at every step and begging him to forgive him and not go away. But Grandpa was wise in thinking that a hard lesson would always be remembered, and he and Tommy have had long, beautiful talks about the temptations that overtake little boys, and the trouble they often bring; but one child knows his fault was forgiven long ago.

TWIST.

BY ELLA F. STROELIN.

Twist was the name of a beautiful cat I had when I was a little girl. I found her following me as I was out one day in a blustering snow-storm. When I took her up in my arms, I saw that she was a prize. Her paws were all double, and her tail was twisted in a funny little coil on the end of the spinal column. I could not straighten out her tail, so named the dear little thing Twist.

Twist was pure white all over, except one little black spot on her breast. When I carried her home everybody was delighted with her, and she soon became the pet of all. She was young and frisky at first, and I taught her all sorts of tricks, — such as jumping over my hands, springing through a hoop held up as high as my head, scampering around the room after bright-colored marbles, placing her on high shelves and begging her to jump into my arms, etc.

One evening I was practising in the parlor, when all of a sudden a snapping, springing sound behind me startled me, and I turned around. There was Twist on the top of the curtain-fixture, mewing with fright. She had been playing with the tassel, and had sprung up to the ceiling with the curtain. Of course I invited her to jump, and she did so. How glad she was to be safe in my arms again!

Twist was fond of music, and proved it by walking over the piano-keys whenever she got an opportunity; by nestling in my lap while I practised; and sometimes she sat on the top of the piano behind the music-book, quietly enjoying the harmony of sounds.

I had a white rabbit and a beautiful canary. It took some time to make them both acquainted with Twist, but they became warm friends at last. One day a strange dog came into our yard, and would surely have captured my white bunny had not Twist been there to defend the poor little thing. Twist was so fierce and fought so well that the dog was glad to get away without having his eyes scratched out.

We treated Twist just as we should like to be treated had we been created cats. She had a high-chair, a tin plate all to herself, and a blue bowl to drink from. She was always dignified and well behaved, and never was guilty of touching anything that was not meant for her. Her seat was beside me; and if I did not happen to notice that her plate was empty, she simply nudged my arm, which was a very inoffensive way of asking for more.

But my beautiful cat had a sad ending.

I read an advertisement in a paper of a great cat show to be held in the city near by. They offered prizes to the one bringing the handsomest cat, or the ugliest one, or the one that could perform the greatest number of tricks, etc. As soon as I read the notice I determined that Twist should go to the show, feeling quite sure that she would win the beauty-prize. I told her all about it, and think she understood what I said, as she paid strict attention to every word. She knew she was handsome, and was not afraid of being exhibited with all the cats in the land. I was partly to blame for her vanity, as I had taught her to admire herself in the long parlor mirror, which reached to the floor.

I bought an elegant blue cat-collar for my pet, and it almost brings tears to my eyes as I recall her loveliness when I fastened on that collar. The little silver padlock puzzled her at first; but I explained to her that it would not hurt her, so she thought it was all right.

The poor darling felt badly when I left her in a cage in the large hall of the show. I looked all around, but could see no other cat as beautiful as mine. That pleased me, of course; but I could hardly part with her for fear something might happen to her.

And sure enough it did. When I went into the show three days afterward, my cat was sick, and took but little interest in anything. She tried to show her joy at seeing me, but gave me such a pitiful look when I took her up in my arms, as much as to say, "I am glad to see you, but you have come too late! I cannot tell you what I have suffered in this dreadful place."

I carried Twist home, doctored and nursed her all I could; but in vain. My love and care could not save her life. Perhaps she was too high bred to stand so great a change of scene, food, and drink. Possibly she missed the petting she had at home. Cats are so attached to their homes, I should not wonder if she died of homesickness.

Of course Twist drew no prize; but I should willingly have given a large reward to any one who could have given me back my precious cat. I have the pretty collar now, and shall always keep it to remind me of Twist.

If any one doubts the intelligence of cats, let me say to them that had they known Twist they would have loved her not only for her beauty, but respected her also for her wisdom and dignity.

Teachers' Department.

THE UNION MEETING OF UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,

In Tremont Temple on Memorial Day, May 30, 1888.

The experiment of holding a grand Mass Meeting of Sunday-schools in place of the usual meeting held in Anniversary Week by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society was a perfect success. While many schools in Boston and vicinity were kept away from the meeting because of the numerous engagements which Memorial Day brings, representatives of over thirty schools filled the platform, floor, and first balcony of the spacious Tremont Temple, and several hundred lookers-on were seated in the upper balcony. Between twelve and thirteen hundred pupils and teachers rose at the signal of the President, Rev. W. H. Lyon, and after reciting the 23d Psalm, led by the venerable Dr. Peabody of Cambridge, followed Mr. Spaulding's leadership in a spirited rendering of "My Country, 'tis of thee." Then came a varied programme of speaking, singing, and devotional exercises in the following order, the "Service and Hymns" used being a selection from the Sunday-School Service Book and Hymnal of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society: —

Address, by Rev. Edward A. Horton. Anthem, by Ariel Ladies' Quartette, — "Their Sun shall no more go down" (*Tuckerman*). Sunday-School song, "Signal," on page 11 of Service and Hymns. Sunday-School Responsive Service, beginning with No. V. on page 4 of Service and Hymns, and followed by Hymn 176 on page 7. Address, by his Excellency Governor Ames. Sunday-School song, No. 79 on page 14 of Service and Hymns. Address, by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D. Sunday-School song, No. 185, on page 10 of Service and Hymns. Address, by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. Sunday-School hymn, No. 118, on page 8 of Service and Hymns. Song, by Ariel Ladies' Quartette, — "Good Night" (*Rheinberger*). Closing Service, on page 15.

Where everything went well it would be invidious to bestow praise upon special performances. The speaking was excellent, suited to the occasion and to the audience of youthful listeners. Governor Ames was welcomed by a general waving of handkerchiefs, and his brief address was interspersed with good stories. Mr. Horton gave picturesque descriptions of actual war-scenes, and drew inspiring lessons from the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Union soldiers and sailors. Mr. Hale's three capital stories were told in the inimitable manner of the skilled story-writer, and Mrs. Livermore's short sermon was a most timely word of good counsel, listened to with deep interest by old and young.

The devotional exercises were rendered in a quiet and reverent manner, which was very impressive. But in no other way was the advance which our Sunday-schools have been making in recent years so clearly shown as in the fine quality of the singing. Not only were the hymns sung in time, but the music was also given with a remarkable purity of tone and with good expression. Tunes

of the high order of Smart's "Vox Patris" and Randegger's "Thy Kingdom Come" were given as admirable a rendering as the more song-like tunes of "Signal" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers." That this could be accomplished with no general rehearsal of the united schools indicates the good musical training which now prevails in the several schools that formed the chorus.

The singing *to* the children by the Ariel Ladies' Quartette, especially the fine rendering of the beautiful "Good-Night Song," added not a little to the enjoyment of the occasion. The organ-playing by Mr. George Mendall Taylor made a helpful and guiding accompaniment for the singing by the schools.

The meeting was held under the joint direction of the Sunday-School Society and the Sunday-School Union. Indeed, it is doubtful whether so successful a meeting could have been possible without the hearty and efficient co-operation of the officers and members of our admirable Sunday-School Union, whose President, Mr. L. P. Hollander, gave in many ways most effective aid and counsel. Some such meeting it is hoped may be held next year in Anniversary Week. "Forward" is certainly the watchword now in all our Sunday-schools.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

The last meeting for the season of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union was held Monday evening, May 21, at the usual time and place. A good attendance gathered, and the reports of those who had been appointed a Visiting Committee of Sunday-schools in the fall were listened to with much interest.

Mr. W. H. Baldwin read the first report, or rather offered some general remarks and suggestions which had been gathered from his several visits, and from answers to his inquiries made by superintendents of schools assigned to him. Mr. Baldwin said that the general condition of the schools was good, and that he saw much that was encouraging in the presence of adults with the children in the Sunday-schools, the good singing, and the active interest of the young people in the classes. [Mr. Baldwin's suggestion are given in another column.]

Mr. E. T. Horne followed Mr. Baldwin, heartily indorsing all that had been said. His visits had led him to feel that the condition of our Sunday-schools was better than ever before, that more attention was paid to method in their work, and that the aim in all was toward those things that produced the best results. Some of the special features he had noted were the concert recitation of well-selected stanzas and Bible verses; the reading of essays by the young men, followed by discussion; the attendance of visitors in the Sunday-school who were ready to take classes for the day if needed, and who were counted in the record of attendance of the school; the pleasant and happy way of conducting the devotional exercises. Mr. Horne spoke strongly of the pastor's influence in the Sunday-school room, and thought his presence an essential thing to the welfare of the school. He also laid stress upon the value of prepared work by the teachers, and thought each one should have a thorough knowledge of what he wanted to teach.

Mrs. Colburn was then called upon for her report, and told of some of the different methods of conducting the services and lessons. Teaching from the black-board, the presentation of mind-pictures, which suggested questions, was commended as a way to fix things in the minds of the children. Mrs. Colburn noted the importance of regular work being laid out for the schools, the value of teachers' meetings, and the help afforded by the Sunday-School Union, feeling that there should be a will on the part of the teachers to gain help and knowledge from every source.

Mr. Noble, who was next called upon, was the last speaker, and as there was not time to hear from the other three members of the Visiting Committee the reading of their reports was deferred until the first meeting in the fall. Mr. Noble spoke specially of the devotional part of the Sunday-school exercises; the inestimable value of hearty and reverent responses, good singing, address by pastor or superintendent, and the necessity for variation in these exercises, and especially deprecated the practice of the rehearsal of services. He thought that the primary department should share in the devotional exercises of the school, although their lessons should be distinct from those of the older classes. Mr. Noble spoke of the Sunday-school library, which is used more or less in all schools, and suggested that it would be well for teachers to be familiar with the books to be found therein, guiding their pupils in their choice and selection of books taken from the library. The various objects to which the collections in Sunday-schools are devoted was mentioned, and the universal custom in every school of doing some charitable work.

The meeting closed with a benediction, having been preceded by the business of electing officers for the ensuing year, and making arrangements for the mass meeting to be held in Tremont Temple on the afternoon of May 30.

REPORT OF MR. WILLIAM H. BALDWIN

(Of the Union Visiting Committee)

Read at the May Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union.

Mr. Baldwin spoke of (1) the general condition of the schools visited; (2) special features of their work; and (3) possible improvements.

General Condition. — Good, very encouraging, — convincing me more and more of the importance of the work of the Sunday-school in connection with the Christian Church.

Special Features to Commend. — The presence of adults in a portion of the schools visited, also of young men and young women; good, clear, full-voiced singing; an evident deep interest taken by superintendents and teachers, and generally an active interest by the young people in the classes.

Suggestions as to Improvements to such Schools as may need such Suggestions. — 1. To begin the opening of the school *promptly* at the *precise time* as understood by teachers and scholars. Always have it understood that the first touch of the bell means *order;* the second touch, *full silence.*

2. See to it, by an active eye, that each and every member of the school stands facing the desk of the superintendent; not one to stand with his or her back to the desk.

3. Each and every member of the school to hold a Service-book in his or her hands.

4. Superintendent never to begin the opening service until it is perfectly still, — no whispering, no moving about, no listlessness, no chewing of gum, or idle inattention to be allowed.

5. Let the service be opened with prayer from the Service-book, or much, very much more impressive, from the heart and lips of the superintendent, — or pastor, if present, as we hope he would always be, if at home and in health.

6. Each and every member of the school who can read should be expected and required to take part in the responses and in other parts of the service where reading is assigned to the school.

7. Each and every member of the school who can sing should be expected and required to take part, with full and earnest voice, in the hymns and songs of praise.

8. I would advise that a brief address or a general lesson be given upon the subject of the day, if the one-lesson system be observed; if not, then upon some subject bearing directly upon the spiritual, religious, moral, and social needs and welfare of the children, always keeping in mind that the Sunday-school has been established as one of the means of character-building from its highest stand-point, — the true, live, Sunday-school always being a powerful help, co-operating with the Christian Church and the Christian home.

9. See to it that every class has a teacher. This is very essential. Better have only two teachers for a hundred scholars, — dividing off into separate rooms or portions of the audience-room of the church, — than to have ten teachers for eighty scholars, leaving twenty boys and girls to pass the hour without being cared for.

10. As to lessons, I will say but a word, though I could say much from my many years of experience as superintendent, and also as an observer of the means and methods used in Sunday-schools, especially of the Unitarian denomination. But this much I will say, — always bear in mind that the Sunday-school is not to aim for intellectual culture, but rather for the spiritual, religious, and moral education and development of the children and youth thus reached and influenced.

The study of the first ten or eleven chapters of the first Book of Chronicles may be good intellectual practice; but to help to produce grand, noble lives, true men and true women, better, far better, feed your Sunday-school children upon the four Gospels, — Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

11. The Sunday-school is often alluded to as "the Children's Church." Very well, but this must not be their only church. The young should early be taught and influenced regularly to attend the public services in the church. Their own welfare, and the future welfare and success of our Christian churches, make this an almost imperative demand upon all interested in the grand work of our Sunday-schools.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

At the Whitsunday service of the Waltham Unitarian Sunday-School, the superintendent reported that no class had been without a teacher on a single Sunday of the past year. The supply of extra teachers to take the place of those who had at times been unavoidably absent came from a corps of substitute teachers provided by the church.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.

In looking over some of my letters, my spirit stands reproved for its sadness. In this working-day world, where the bravest have need of all their buoyancy and strength, it is sinful to add our sorrow to the common load. Blessed are the missionaries of cheerfulness.

L. M. Child.

Thou oughtest to be the hardest judge of thyself, and to think no man weaker than thyself.

With all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love.

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